Take heede (deere heart) of this large priviledge;
The hardeſt knife ill us'd doth looſe his edge.

Complaint for his Loves abſence.

HOw like a Winter hath my abſence beene
From thee, the pleaſure of the fleeting yeare?
What freezings have I felt, what darke daies ſeene?
What old Decembers bareneſſe every where?
And yet this time remov'd was ſommers time,
The teeming Autumne big with rich increaſe,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widdowed wombes after their Lords deceaſe:
Yet this aboundant iſſue ſeem'd to me,
But hope of Orphans, and un-fathered fruite,
For Sommer and his pleaſures waite on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute.
Or if they ſing, tis with ſo dull a cheere,
That leaves looke pale, dreading the Winters neare.
From you have I beene abſent in the ſpring,
When proud pide Aprill (dreſt in all his trim)
Hath put a ſpirit of youth in every thing:
That heavie *Saturne* laught and leapt with him,
Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the ſweet ſmell
Of different flowers in odor and in hew,
Could make me any ſommers ſtory tell:
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew,
Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,
Nor praiſe the deepe Vermillion in the Roſe,

They were but ſweete, but figures of delig
Drawne after you, you patterne of all thoſ
Yet ſeem'd it winter ſtill, and you away
As with your ſhaddow I with theſe did p
The forward violet thus did I chide,
Sweet theefe whence didſt thou ſteale thy
If not from my loves breath, the purple pri
Which on thy ſoft cheeke for complexion
In my loves veines thou haſt too groſſely d
The Lilly I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of Marjerom had ſtolne thy hair
The Roſes fearefully on thornes did ſtand,
Our bluſhing ſhame, another white diſpair
A third nor red, nor white, had ſtolne of bo
And to his robbry had annext thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth,
A vengefull canker eate him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could ſe
But ſweet, or colour it had ſtolne from the

An invocation to his Mu

WHere art thou Muſe that thou forgetſt
To ſpeake of that which gives thee all
Spendſt thou thy fury on ſome worthleſſe ſo
Darkning thy power to lend baſe ſubjects lig
Returne forgetfull Muſe, and ſtraight redee
In gentle numbers time ſo idely ſpent,
Sing to the eare that doth thy laies eſteeme,
And give thy pen both skill and argument.

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